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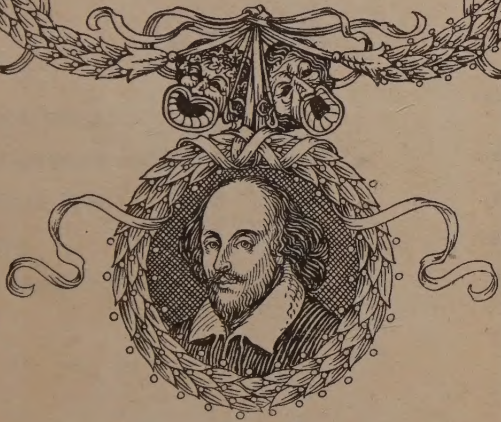
Antony and Cleopatra.

SHAKESPEARE

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—"The muse of Shakspere turns in *Antony and Cleopatra* from the early Britain of Lear and his three daughters to the gorgeous countries of Egypt and Italy; from the unnatural cruelty of Goneril and Regan, to the deep, fierce passion of Cleopatra, that bewitching serpent of old Nile; from poor Lear, king of Britain, ruind by his testy waywardness, and suffering thereby, to the once noble Antony, the greatest soldier of the world, forgetting his home, his manhood, and his duty, for nights of sensual revel and the kisses of the beautiful, seducing queen. In all the wreck and the tumult of *Lear* stood out the rare beauty and nobility of Cordelia; amid all the disaster and the ruin of *Antony* stands out the cold nobility of Octavia. In *Lear* the very elements of being seem to be torn asunder and at war; in *Antony* the great powers of the world's empire are opposed and stand at bay."[1] On *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakspere

[1] Munro.

has pourd out the glory of his genius in profusion, and makes us stand by, saddend and distrest, as the noble Antony sinks to his ruin, under the gorgeous colouring of the Eastern sky, the vicious splendour of the Egyptian queen; makes us look with admiring hate on the wonderful picture he has drawn, certainly far the most wonderful study of woman he has left us, of that Cleopatra of whom Enobarbus, who knew her every turn, said—

> "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety: other women cloy
> The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
> Where most she satisfies."

That in her, the dark woman of Shakspere's Sonnets, his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress, is to some extent embodied, I do not doubt. What a superbly-sumptuous picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, is that where Cleopatra first met Antony upon the river of Cydnus! How admirably transferrd from Plutarch's prose![1] And how that fatal

[1] Read this (*Hazlitt*, Part I., vol. iii., p. 344) with Shakspere's lines, as now set out at the end of this Introduction.

The whole of Antony's Life, the source of the play, should be compared with Shakspere's drama. (See too Courtenay's *Comment. on Hist. Plays*, ii. 264.) The text of the play appeard first in the Folio of 1623. The englisht Life of Octavius Cæsar Augustus (compiled by S. G. S. from Æmylius Probus, &c.) reprinted in Skeat's *Shakspere's Plutarch*, pp. 230–277, Shakspere doesn't seem to have used. It did not appear till the 3rd edition of North's *Plutarch* in 1603. Shakspere probably workt from the edition of 1579, if he got from North's 'Life of Theseus' (*Hazlitt*, I. i., 15, 16, 28, 37) the names of Perigenia, Ægle (Perigouna and Ægles in *North*), Ariadne, and Antiopa, and Theseus's falseness to their fair owners. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. ii., pp. 36–37 (*Skeat* p. xiii.). All the Lives in the 1579 and 1595 editions of *North* are from Amyot's French translation of *Plutarch*. The 1603 edition has 15 fresh Lives. "A booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*" was enterd in the *Stationers' Register* on May 20, 1608.

inability to say "No" to woman shows us Antony's weakness and the cause of his final fall.

The play is like *Troilus and Cressida*, not only in lust and false women (Cressida and Cleopatra) playing such a prominent part in it, but in Antony's renown and power, and selfish preference of his own whims to honour's call, to his country's good, being the counterpart of Achilles's. All the characters are selfish except Octavia and Eros. Cæsar's description of Antony as "a man who is the abstract of all faults that men follow" is not far wrong. We were prepared by *Julius Cæsar* for the wildness in his blood and the want of noble purpose in his ordinary pursuits; for his selfishness and unscrupulousness, too, by his proposal to sacrifice Lepidus. And though the redeeming qualities of his nature were shown in his love for Cæsar, his appeal to the people for revenge, and his skill in managing them, yet in his development, lust and self-indulgence prevail, and under their influence he loses judgment, soldiership, even the qualities of a man. His seeming impulse towards good in the marriage of Octavia lasts but for a time; all her nobleness and virtue cannot save him. He turns from the gem of women to his Egyptian dish again, and abides by his infatuation even when he knows he is deceivd.

To Cleopatra I despair of here doing justice. The wonderful way in which Shakspere has brought out the characteristics of this sumptuous, queenly harlot,[1]

[1] When a friend of mine (the late Canon Furse) was in former days chaplain to a House of Mercy, he told me that what struck him most in the women under his charge was the entire absence of self-control. Every

even though he borrows his main lines from Plutarch's picture, goes far beyond all his previous studies of women. The contrast between her and the noble Roman lady Octavia, to whom her wavering husband bears such favourable witness, is most interesting, and prepares us for the next play, *Coriolanus*.[1]

"Furness, in the latest of his splendid Variorum volumes, protests most strongly against the conventional interpretation of Cleopatra's character. He accuses us of reading into the play the foreknown verdict of historical authorities. It is necessary, he observes, 'that we should accept Cleopatra at Shakespeare's hands, with mind unbiassed by history. We should know no more of her than what we hear on the stage. Of her past, of her salad days, we should know nothing but what we are told." (p. xi.). Let us, then, see what we are told In Act I. i., p. 20, Philo, one of Antony's friends, says of Antony :—

> "His captain's heart,
> Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
> The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,

impulse of passion, of feeling good or bad, was yielded to on the instant; everything was sacrificed to it. This quality was no doubt checkt in Cleopatra by a fox's cunning, a determination to win and keep admiration, a great love of self; but it was her most prominent characteristic.

[1] The date of *Antony and Cleopatra* is conjectured, from its entry with *Pericles* in the *Stationers' Register* in 1608, to be late in 1607 or early in 1608. A quarto edition of *Pericles* was actually publisht in 1609, but *Antony* made its first appearance in the Folio of 1623. The date of 1608, or about, is supported by the metrical test (see the General Introductory volume *Life and Work*). The text of the Folio is fairly accurate. *Antony and Cleopatra* stands alone between the first Ingratitude and Cursing Play, *King Lear*, and the next, *Coriolanus*.

And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool *a gipsy's*[1] *lust.*"

In Act I. v., p. 44, Cleopatra herself reminds us that she was Cæsar's mistress—she bore Cæsarion by him—and Pompey's too.

In II. i., p. 48, Pompey calls her "salt":

"But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, *lust* with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming."

Passing over her unbridled fury—due to lust, not love, I think—when the messenger tells her that Antony is married to Octavia, we next come to Octavius Cæsar saying of her and Antony in III. vi., p. 100:—

"I' the market-place, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their *lust*
Since then hath made between them."

In III. viii., p. 111, Scarus, a friend of Antony's, says of her:—

"Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight, . . .
Hoists sails, and flies."

In III. xi., p. 125, Antony, angry with her, tells her the plain truth:—

[1] Shakspere forgot that Cleopatra was of pure Greek descent. In I. v., p. 42, he makes her "black" and wrinkled.

"I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously [lecherously] picked out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is."

Again in IV. x., pp. 147-8, Antony says, truly in anger:—

"This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: . . .
Triple-turned whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice [Octavius Cæsar] . . .
Follow his chariot, like *the greatest spot*
Of all thy sex."

It is true that Antony forgives her, and comes once more under her spell; but it is surely too strong of Furness to compare the alliance of Antony and Cleopatra with that of George Henry Lewes and Marian Evans—was she, George Eliot, ever a Cleopatra?—and to say the play of *Antony and Cleopatra* is not one "of passion and appetite," when we see what Shakspere makes his characters call Cleopatra in the play. And as to Furness's asking "Where is there a word which, had it been addressed by a husband to a wife, we should not approve?"—I can only refer him and my readers to the quotations above.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakspere borrows some words from North's *Plutarch*, but not so many as he did in *Coriolanus:* see the introduction to that play, p. 21, &c. He was so taken with the description of Cleopatra in her barge on the river Cydnus, that he lifted many of North's expressions into his own text in Act II., sc. ii.; p. 59.

North	Shakspere
(Shakspere's *Plutarch*, ed. Skeat, p. 174.)	
When she was sent unto by divers letters, both from *Antonius* himself, and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her *barge* in *the river of Cydnus*, *the poop* whereof *was* of *gold*,	*When she* first met Mark *Antony*, she pursed up his heart, upon *the river of Cydnus.* 192 The *barge* she sat in, like a burnished throne, 196 Burned on the water: *the poop was* beaten *gold*;
the sails of *purple*, and	*Purple the sails, and* so perfumed, that The winds were love-sick with them; *the oars* were *silver*,
the oars of *silver*, *which kept stroke*, in rowing, after the sound of *the* music *of flutes*, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge.	*Which* to *the* tune *of flutes kept stroke*, and made 200 The water, which they beat, to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. *For*
And now *for* the *person* of *her* self, *she* was laid	*her* own *person*, It beggared all description: *she* did lie
under a *pavilion* of *cloth of gold of tissue*, apparelled and attired like the goddess *Venus*, commonly drawn in *picture*: and hard by *her*, *on* either hand of *her*, *pretty* fair	In her *pavilion—cloth of gold of tissue—* 204 O'er-*picturing* that *Venus* where we see The fancy outwork nature: *on* each side *her*

NORTH

boys apparelled as painters do set forth god *Cupid, with* little *fans* in their hands, with the which they fanned *wind* upon her.

Her ladies and *gentlewomen* also, the fairest of them, were apparelled *like* the nymphs *Nereids* (which are the *mermaids* of the waters) and like the Graces, some *steer*ing *the helm*, others *tend*ing *the tackle* and ropes of

the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of *perfumes*, that perfumed

the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people . . . there ran such multitudes of *people*, one after another, to see *her*, that *Antonius* was left post *alone in the market-place*. . . .

SHAKSPERE

Stood *pretty* dimpled *boys*, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-coloured *fans*, whose
wind did seem 208
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool
And what they undid did. . . 210

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

So many *mermaids*, *tend*ed her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at *the helm*
A seeming mermaid *steers*; *the* silken *tackle* 214
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From *the barge*

A strange invisible *perfume* hits the sense
Of *the* adjacent *wharf*. The city cast 218

Her *people* out upon *her*; *and Antony*,

Enthron'd i' the *market-place*, did sit *alone*,

North	Shakspere
	Whistling to the air . . . 221
When Cleopatra *land*ed, *Anton*ius *sent to invite her to supper* to him. But *she* sent him word again, he should do *better* rather to come and sup with *her*. *Anton*ius, therefore, to show himself *courteous* unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper with her.	Upon her *land*ing *Antony sent to* her, 224 *Invited her to supper: she* replied, It should be *better* he became *her* guest; 227 Which she entreated. Our *courteous Antony* . . . goes to the feast 229

There are other slighter resemblances in other parts of the play.

In the above extracts I have deliberately left out many intervening words, in order to get Shakspere's borrowings close to their originals. But those students who want to observe the poet's power of selection, should study the whole of North's prose. It would be good practice for those who can write verse, to try their hands at a fresh version of North's description, and then compare their performance with Shakspere's.

A MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs.*
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, } *Friends of Antony.*
MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS, } *Friends of Cæsar.*
MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS, } *Friends of Pompey.*

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an Officer under Ventidius.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN *and* IRAS, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—In several Parts of the Roman Empire

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war

Have glowed like plated Mars', now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Train; Eunuchs fanning her*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say? both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony

Will be himself.

Ant. But stirred by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now :—what sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired.
No messenger but thine; and all alone,
To-night we 'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. Another Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:—pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I

beseech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but, on the sudden,

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where 's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, *Soothsayer, and Attendants*

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger and Attendants*

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:

Things, that are past, are done with me.—'T is thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flattered.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia; from Euphrates
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia: whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is called in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger

What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Giving a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now, Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see

how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die : it were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly : I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think, there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love : we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her !

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir ?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat;—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broachéd in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people—
Whose love is never linked to the deserver
Till his deserts are past—begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son, who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Alexandria. Another Room in Cleopatra's Palace

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you :—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick : quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEXAS.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far ; I wish, forbear :
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I 'm sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian ; I shall fall :
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What 's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 't is I that keep you here,—
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the thronéd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turned the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,
It does from childishness :—can Fulvia die?
Ant. She 's dead, my queen.
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awaked ; at the last, best,
See, when and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love,
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be :—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears

Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there 's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attendants*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural wise to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't; but, to confound such time
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid

As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have feared Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wronged.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wished, until he were;
And the ebbed man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes deared by being lacked. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,

Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this—
It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lanked not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome : 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam ?

Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 't is treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'T is well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing,
But what indeed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian!
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspéct, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arrogant steed,
Who neighed so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumbed by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seemed to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:

O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O, that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I.—Messina. A Room in Pompey's House

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,

Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

Enter VARRIUS

How now, Varrius ?

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 't is
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warred upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertainéd cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cément their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Rome. A Room in the House of Lepidus

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so;
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laughed at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laughed at that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concerned me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patched up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might
Go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must

But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lacked it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poisoned hours had bound me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only : speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore, speak no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touched
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, Amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What 's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So 's the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talked of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* Cæsar, Antony, *and* Lepidus

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !—

My honourable friend, Agrippa !—

Agr. Good Enobarbus !

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there ; is this true ?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle : we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed ; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;

Purple the sails, and so perfuméd that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He ploughed her, and she cropped.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things

Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blesséd lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them ; and Attendants*

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come

Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* OCTAVIA.

Enter a Soothsayer

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon—that 's thy spirit which keeps thee—is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou 'rt sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true : the very dice obey him ;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds ;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia : your commission 's ready ;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Street

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.
Mec., Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS

Cleo. Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch played,
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha! you're caught!'

Char. 'T was merry when
You wagered on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time—O times!—
I laughed him out of patience; and that night
I laughed him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger

O, from Italy?—
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead!—if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free, and healthful, why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned with
snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet!'
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam? no; I made no such report:

He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—

[*Strikes him again.*

Hence, horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a knife.*

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afeared to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.—

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and Messenger*

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes. Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,

And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint:—O Iras! Charmian!—'T is no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars.—[*To* MARDIAN.] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—Near Misenum

Flourish. Enter Pompey *and* Menas, *at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another,* Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, *with Soldiers marching*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast considered, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honoured, honest Roman, Brutus,

With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us,—
For this is from the present,—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon
To part with unhacked edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs., Ant., Lep. That 's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you
That called me, timelier than my purpose, hither,—
For I have gained by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed.
I crave our composition may be written,
And sealed between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.

Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part; and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much; but I have praised you,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *Soldiers, and Attendants*

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet

1 *Serv.* Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not

to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains*

Ant. Thus do they, sir. They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine !—A health to Lepidus !

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept ; I fear me, you 'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so: and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To* MENAS, *aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I called for?

Men. [*Aside.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside.*] I think, thou 'rt mad. The matter? [*Walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What 's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't. In me, 't is villainy;
In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I 'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is offered,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man: see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To* ANTONY.] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;
The while I'll place you: then, the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy vats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned!
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Anticked us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand.
Pom. O Antony!
You have my father's house.—But what? we are friends.
Come down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound, and be hanged! sound out!
[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo, says 'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Hoo!—Noble captain! come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I.—A Plain in Syria

Enter Ventidius *in triumph, with* Silius, *and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I've done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Rome. An Ante-chamber in Cæsar's House

Enter Agrippa *and* Enobarbus, *meeting*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched with Pompey: he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What 's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, 'Cæsar;'—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle [*Trumpets.*] So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cément of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherished.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April 's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I 'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to* AGRIPPA.] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wailed,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell. [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Farewell.

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeared to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I looked her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That 's not so good. He cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He 's very knowing,
I do perceive 't.—There 's nothing in her yet.—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow—

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she 's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?

Mess. Round, even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There 's gold for thee:

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again: I find thee

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature 's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man has seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend

And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:

But 't is no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S House

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it
To public ear :
Spoke scantly of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't
Or did it from his teeth.
Octa. O, my good lord,
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts :

The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the meantime, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stay your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord,
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;

Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Athens. Another Room in ANTONY'S House

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus: and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool, Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murdered Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy 's rigged.
Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'T will be naught;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria:—here 's the manner of 't—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust

Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaimed the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquered,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA *with her Train*

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Octa. You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way

Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grievéd ear withal; whereon, I begged
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wrongéd sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying

The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; King of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome ;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 't is said in Rome
That Phótinus, an eunuch, and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired

Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingrossed by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen; leave unexecuted

Your own renownéd knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And with the rest, full-manned, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger

Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 't is impossible ;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse :—we 'll to our ship.
Away, my Thetis !

Enter a Soldier

How now, worthy soldier ?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;

Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well.—Away!

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius;
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—A Plain near Actium

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, *Officers, and others*

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land Army one way over the stage; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance: we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the tokened pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared,

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loofed,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'T is easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace

Enter ANTONY *and Attendants*

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is ashamed to bear me.—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.—I 've a ship
Laden with gold; take that; divide it, fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:

My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I followed that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by-and-by.

[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him; comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.—He at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him :
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches :
Her head 's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails : I little thought

You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—CÆSAR'S Camp in Egypt

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others*

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be 't so. Declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracéd friend,
Or take his life there : this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.

[*To* THYREUS.] To try thy eloquence, now 't is time ; despatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touched vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nicked his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meréd question. 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
Against a sworder!—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS

Cleo. Cæsar's will.

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renowned : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love but as you feared him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity as constrainéd blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquered merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou 'rt so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon ; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,

And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place
As it rained kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipped.

Ant. Approach, there.—Ay, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried, 'Ho!'

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,

And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him.—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them

So saucy with the hand of—she here (what 's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,

Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,

And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipped,

Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall

Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attendants with* THYREUS.

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is 't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously picked out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, 'God quit you!' be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
The hornéd herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS

Is he whipped?

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipped for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,

When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchéd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, be gone! [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life; the next, Cæsarion smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile

Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night.—Call to me
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so ; we 'll speak to them ; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and Attendants.*]

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear ; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge : and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others*

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipped with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;

And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I 'll strike, and cry, 'Take all.'
Ant. Well said; come on—
Call forth my household servants: let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter Servants

Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you 've served
me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. [*Aside to* ENO.] What means this?
Eno. [*Aside to* CLEO.] 'T is one of those odd
tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
Serv. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night ;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.
Cleo. [*Aside to* ENO.] What does he mean?
Eno. [*Aside to* CLEO.] To make his followers
weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night ;
May be, it is the period of your duty :
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,
A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. Before CLEOPATRA'S Palace

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well. Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*they take their posts*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys underground.*

4 *Sold.* Peace! what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say!
What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] How now?
How now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Ay; is 't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how 't will give off.

Soldiers. Content. 'T is strange.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, *and others, attending*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, *with armour*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.
What 's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help. Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Despatch.—O love,
That thou could see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in t.

Enter an armed Soldier

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers

Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame: whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss. [*Kisses her.*] Rebukable,
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment: I 'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Eros, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony *and* Eros; *a Soldier meeting them*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevailed
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Despatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nooked world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius, and the rest

That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony!
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa *and others*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS *and Forces*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been

Each man's like mine : you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honoured gashes whole.—Give me thy hand :

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world !
Chain mine armed neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords !
O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand :—
Kiss it, my warrior :—he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear:
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—Cæsar's Camp

Sentinels on their Post

1 *Sold.* If we be not relieved within this hour
We must return to the court of guard. The night
Is shiny and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace!
Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him; for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

Scene X.—Between the two Camps

Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *with Forces, marching*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea:
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they 'd fight i' the fire, or i' the air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven . . . .
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR *and his Forces, marching*

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS

Ant. Yet they are not joined. Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the auguries
Say, they know not.—they cannot tell;—look grimly
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayéd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turned whore 't is thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; be gone.

[*Exit* SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is barked
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—

Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them
home.
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plébeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her preparéd nails. [*Exit* CLEOPATRA.
'T is well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;

And with those hands, that grasped the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so embossed.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.
To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—Another Room in the Palace

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
A forkéd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto 't

A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Packed cards with Cæsar, and false-played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN

O, thy vile lady!
She has robbed me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch: peace!
She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She rendered life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence
safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit* MARDIAN.
—Off, pluck off:—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent.
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—bruiséd pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile—
[*Exit* EROS.]
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does: yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,
And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter EROS

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman ; less noble mind
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells,
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come,—which now
Is come, indeed,—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then wouldst kill me : do 't ; the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleached arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued.

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then:—[*falls on his sword.*
—thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learned of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho!—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio. Where 's Antony.

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficient strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what ho!
Come; your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides:
'T is the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XIII.—The Same. A Monument

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow,
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the Guard*

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help:
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear, my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooched with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife, Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up,—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,

The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools.—O ! come, come, come ;
[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast lived :
Quicken with kissing : had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me ;
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I 'll trust ;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest ; and do now not basely die,

Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O! see, my women,

[ANTONY *dies.*

The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!—

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,

And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out.—Good sirs, take heart:
We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *body.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, *and others*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter Dercetas, *with the sword of* Antony

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am called Dercetas
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead,

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar,
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hiréd knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robbed his wound of it: behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touched.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have followed thee to this:—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—

Enter a Messenger

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We 'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress
Confined in all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; Cæsar cannot learn
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit* GALLUS.]
—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius!

Agr., Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent: where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;

How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Alexandria. The Monument

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter Proculeius, Gallus, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt:
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What 's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but

I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I 'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.

[PROCULEIUS, *and two of the Guard, ascend the monument by a ladder, and come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates*

[*To* PROCULEIUS *and the Guard.*] Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra, thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betrayed.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep, neither. This mortal house I 'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen,
I 'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[*To* CLEOPATRA.] To Cæsar I will speak what you
shall please,

If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say I would die.

[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS *and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his reared arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

[*Within.*] Make way there!—Cæsar!

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, *and Attendants*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[Cleopatra *kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus: my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents—
Which towards you are most gentle—you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 't is yours; and we,
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possessed of: 't is exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where 's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar, O, behold,
How pomp is followed! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler tokens I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites
me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To* SELEUCUS.] Pr'ythee,
go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.—Wert thou a
man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit* SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are
misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow-
ledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this:—Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this; I have performed
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN

Now, Charmian?—
Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter one of the Guard

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,

That will not be denied your highness' presence :
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*] What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : now from head to foot
I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a basket

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him ; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal : those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. —Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm ;

but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence : farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down the basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care : it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone : farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, *with a robe, crown, &c*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now, no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—
Yare, yare, good Iras! quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call: I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian:—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curléd Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch.

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed and dies.*

Char. In this vile world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly; wake her not

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*

O! come; apace; despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar: call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act, which thou
So sought 'st to hinder.

[*Within.*] A way there! a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR *and all his Train*

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer :
That you did fear, is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last :
She levelled at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them ?
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her figs :
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poisoned then.
1 *Guard.* O Cæsar !
This Charmian lived but now ; she stood, and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.
Cæs. O noble weakness !—
If they had swallowed poison, 't would appear
By external swelling ; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 20. **A tawny front.**—A poetical indication of Cleopatra's complexion, tho' she was by descent a pure Greek. All traditional records agree in stating that she was not handsome in feature, but all likewise affirm that she possessed an indescribable charm of face and person, with marvellous grace of manner and speech.

I. i. p. 20. **Gipsy.**—Spoken disparagingly. It was commonly supposed that all gypsies came originally from Egypt. Andrew Borde in his *Introduction of Knowledge* gives the first print of the Gypsy language as the language of the Egyptians.

I. i. p. 20. **The triple pillar.**—One of the second Triumvirate, composed of Antony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus.

I. i. p. 20. **Grates me :—the sum.**—'This news jars upon me ; summarize it immediately.'

I. ii. p. 24. **I had rather heat my liver with drinking.**—The liver was believed to be the seat of the passions.

I. ii. p. 24. **Herod of Jewry.**—Besides being a contemporary monarch to Cleopatra, Herod was a familiar figure to Shakspere's audiences as a famous tyrant, of the most imperious character, in the old Mystery plays.

I. ii. p. 25. **Isis.**—Originally the goddess of the earth, afterwards of the moon. Her worship was introduced into Rome from Egypt, where she was one of the principal deities.

I. ii. p. 31. **Petition us at home.**—'Demand our presence at home.'

I. ii. p. 32. **Courser's hair.**—Alluding to the ancient superstition that horse's hair if put into water would change into worms or snakes.

I. iii. p. 36. **Sacred vials.**—Alluding to the small bottles filled with tears which the Romans placed in the tomb of a dead friend.

I. iii. p. 37. **Herculean Roman.**—Antony traced his descent from Anton, son of Hercules.

I. iii. p. 37. **Holds idleness your subject.**—'Uses trifling for your purposes.'

I. iii. p. 37. **My becomings kill me, when they do not eye well to you.**—'My triflings wound myself when they find no favour in your eyes.' An adroit reference to Antony's 'Fie, wrangling queen! whom everything *becomes*.'

I. iv. p. 38. **Queen of Ptolemy.**—The title borne by a long dynasty of Egyptian kings. Cleopatra's father and brother were both called 'Ptolemy.'

I. v. p. 43. **Mandragora.**—A soporific. Gerard, in his 'Herbal,' says of this plant: 'Dioscorides doth particularly set down many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power thereof.'

I. v. p. 44. **With Phœbus' amorous pinches black, and wrinkled deep in time.**—Sun-burned, dark-skinned. It is characteristic of Cleopatra's mood to disparage her charms, speak of her swarthy complexion as a blemish, and exaggerate her age.

II. i. p. 49. **Egypt's widow.**—Cleopatra had been married by her father's will to Ptolemy XIII., and when he, flying from Julius Cæsar, was drowned in the Nile, the conqueror compelled her to marry the next Ptolemean king, then only eleven years of age.

II. ii. p. 50. **I would not shave't to-day.**—'I would not trim and adorn myself for to-day's business.'

II. ii. p. 51. **To Parthia.**—We will undertake an expedition to Parthia.

II. ii. p. 52. **Was theme for you.**—'Had you for theme.'

II. ii. p. 52. **Did urge me in his act.**—'Made use of my name as a pretext for his deed.'

II. ii. p. 55. **Your considerate stone.**—'I am' understood before 'your.' 'I will be discretely mute as a stone.'

II. ii. p. 56. **Were well deserved of rashness.**—'Would be well deserved for your rashness.'

II. ii. p. 60. **Tended her i' th' eyes.**—(?) 'Watched her every look with greatest diligence.' North's 'others *tending* the tackle and ropes of the barge,' makes it probable that the *eyes* are the bows, near the hawse-holes or *eyes* through which the anchor-chains passed.

II. ii. p. 60. **Made their bends adornings.**—'Made their very obeisances so graceful as to enhance and adorn her.'

II. ii. p. 62. **Become themselves in her.**—'Appear becoming when done by her.'

II. v. p. 66. **Did hang a salt-fish on his hook.**—Plutarch records this practical joke of Cleopatra's.

II. v. p. 67. **His sword Philippan.**—Antony's weapon, so named after the famous battle of Philippi.

II. v. p. 71. **Narcissus.**—The marvellously beautiful son of Cephisus, who having accidentally seen his own image reflected in a fountain, became so enamoured of it that he languished and died because he could not approach it, thus fulfilling the prophecy that he should live until he saw himself.

II. v. p. 72. **Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon.**—Alluding to dual-pictures called 'perspectives,' which showed one picture from one point of view and another from a different standpoint.

II. vi. p. 74. **Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.**—A gibe at Antony, who obtained possession of Pompey the Great's house in Rome without making due payment.

II. vi. p. 75. **Though I lose the praise of it by telling.**—The historical fact of Sextus Pompey having courteously received Antony's mother in Sicily, when she fled from Italy, is recorded in *Plutarch*, but the delicacy of the idea that the merit of a benefit conferred is lost by the donor's speaking of it is an addition of the poet's own thought.

II. vii. p. 80. **As they pinch one another by the disposition.** — 'As they try each other's temper by banter.'

II. vii. p. 85. **Lethe.**—The Greek word for 'oblivion.' A river of Hades of whose water all souls were compelled to drink, after leaving Tartarus, that they might entirely forget the past.

III. i. p. 88. **Marcus Crassus.**—One of the 'triple pillars' (I. i. p. 20) of the *first* Triumvirate, Cæsar and Pompey being the other two. He ruled over Syria, and had been conquered and put to death by Orodes, King of Parthia, whose son, Pacorus, the Romans are now bearing before the army in triumphant revenge for Marcus Crassus' death.

III. ii. p. 91. **My furthest band shall pass on thy approof.**—'My greatest pledge of security shall be staked on thy proving what I think thee.'

III. vi. p. 100. **My father's son.**—Cæsarion, Julius Cæsar's son by Cleopatra. Octavius was Cæsar's adopted son.

III. vii. p. 108. **My Thetis.**—Antony calls Cleopatra by the sea-nymph's name because she is about to become his goddess in the naval expedition.

III. vii. p. 109. **His whole action grows not in the power on't.**—'His entire action takes the opposite course to that in which his best strength lies,'—namely, by land, where his power is supreme,—but follows instead the reckless whim of a woman.

III. viii. p. 111. **The Antoniad.**—Plutarch mentions this as the name of Cleopatra's ship.

III. viii. p. 111. **The tokened pestilence.**—Spotted plague. The spots or eruptions which appeared on those stricken with the plague were called 'God's tokens,' and their appearance presaged certain death.

III. ix. p. 115. **Kept his sword e'en like a dancer.**—Implying 'kept his sword in its sheath like one worn by a dancer, merely as an ornament.'

III. ix. p. 115. **How I convey my shame out of thine eyes, &c.**—'How I take my shame out of thy sight, by letting my eyes, instead of meeting thine, look back upon all that I have left behind me, lost in dishonour.'

III. ix. p. 116. **Our schoolmaster.**—Euphronius, who was preceptor to Antony's children by Cleopatra.

IV. vi. p. 140. **The time of universal peace.**—During the reign of Octavius, afterwards styled Augustus Cæsar, Jesus Christ came to earth, at which epoch historians and poets concur in stating that universal peace prevailed.

IV. viii. p. 144. **Can get goal for goal of youth.**—'Can gain the superiority in every contest against younger men.'

IV. x. p. 150. **The shirt of Nessus.**—The Centaur Nessus presented Hercules with a poisoned shirt, the venom of which drove him to such agonising fury that he died from its effects. Antony claimed descent from Hercules, one of whose titles was Alcides.

IV. x. p. 150. **Lichas.**—The servant who brought the shirt of Nessus to Hercules. He was hurled into the Eubœan Sea by his master, and transformed into a rock by the gods.

IV. xi. p. 151. **Telamon for his shield.**—Telamon followed Hercules in the Trojan War as shield-bearer; and was madly enraged by the allotment to Ulysses of the fallen Achilles' arms, including the celebrated shield.

IV. xi. p. 151. **The boar of Thessaly.**—The boar sent into the fields of Calydon by Diana to ravage the territory of Œneus, king of Ætolia, who had neglected the sacrifices demanded by the goddess. The boar was ultimately killed by the king's son, Meleager.

IV. xii. p. 153. **Packed cards with Cæsar.**—'*Pack*' = to shuffle unfairly; the metaphor of playing a game cheatingly is maintained by the word '*triumph*' in its double sense of 'conquest' and 'trump-card.'

IV. xiii. p. 160. **O sun, burn the great sphere thou mov'st in.**—According to ancient astronomy, the sun was a planet whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Were this sphere burned, the sun must necessarily drop through and wander in space, thus leaving the earth in eternal darkness.

IV. xiii. p. 160. **The varying shore.**—The alternating light and darkness upon the earth.

V. i. p. 168. **Her life in Rome would be eternal in our triumph.**—'Her living presence in Rome would render our triumph eternal.'

V. ii. p. 169. **The dung, &c.**—The common products of the earth which afford nourishment equally to the beggar and Cæsar.

V. ii. p. 170. **Pray in aid.**—A legal term. A petition made in court for the privilege of soliciting the help of another who has an interest in the question at issue.

V. ii. p. 172. **If idle talk will once be necessary.**—'If it be needful to prate of my intentions.'

V. ii. p. 181. **Boy my greatness.**—All the female characters were enacted by boys in Elizabethan times, no woman being allowed to appear on the stage.

V. ii. p. 183. **Will do his kind.**—Will act according to his nature.

V. ii. p. 184. **My other elements.**—Earth and water; an allusion to the ancient belief that human life was composed of a combination of the four elements.

V. ii. p. 185. **I'll mend it, and then play.**—Alluding to Cleopatra's 'I'll give thee leave to play till doomsday.'

GLOSSARY

Abhorring: abomination. V. ii. p. 172.
Abode: remaining. I. ii. p. 31.
Abstract: epitome. I. iv. p. 39.
Alcides: Hercules. IV. x. p. 150.
All-obeying: obeyed by all. III. xi. p. 123.
Alms-drink: another's drink, taken to relieve him. II. vi. p. 80.
Angel: attendant spirit. II. iii. p. 63.
Appeal: accusation. III. v. p. 99.
Approves: proves, confirms. I. i. p. 22.
Arabian bird: the Phœnix. III. ii. p. 90.
Argument: proof. III. x. p. 117.
Armourer: armour-bearer. IV. iv. p. 136.
Aspic: asp, a venomous snake. V. ii. p. 188.
Atone: reconcile. II. ii. p. 55.
Attend: observe. II. ii. p. 53; await. III. viii. p. 112.
Avoid: quit, withdraw. V. ii. p. 182.
Band: bond. II. vi. p. 79; III. ii. p. 91.
Battery from: beating of. IV. xii. p. 154.
Battle: army. III. viii. p. 110.
Blown: swollen. V. ii. p. 187.
Blows: swells. IV. vi. p. 141.
Boggler: faithless woman. III. xi. p. 125.
Bond: bounden duty. I. iv. p. 42.
Boot: "make ——," take advantage. IV. i. p. 130.
Boot thee with: give thee over and above. II. v. p. 69.
Bourn: limit. I. i. p. 20.
Break: communicate. I. ii. p. 31.
Breathing: expression, utterance. I. iii. p. 33.
Breese: gadfly. III. viii. p. 112.
Brief: summary. V. ii. p. 176.
Brooched: ornamented, adorned. IV. xiii. p. 161.
Burgonet: helmet. I. v. p. 44.
But: unless. III. ix. p. 148.
Cæsarion: Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar. III. vi. p. 100.
Call on him: call him to account. I. iv. p. 39.
Cantle: part, portion. III. viii. p. 111.
Carriage: bearing. I. iii. p. 37.
Chafe: passionate anger. I. iii. p. 37.
Chance: fortune, lot. V. ii. p. 178.
Chare: task. V. ii. p. 181.
Chares: temporary or occasional labour. IV. xiii. p. 164.
Charm: enchantress. IV. x. p. 149.
Circle: crown, diadem. III. x. p. 118.
Clip: embrace. IV. viii. p. 144; enclose. V. ii. p. 188.
Close: concealed. IV. ix. p. 146.
Clouts: used both for 'cloths' and 'blows.' IV. vii. p. 142.
Cloyless: of ever-new piquancy. II. i. p. 48.
Colour: pretext. I. iii. p. 34.
Comes: becomes. I. IV. p. 40.
Comparisons: superior advantages. III. xi. p. 120.
Competitor: colleague, associate. I. iv. p. 38; V. i. p. 167.
Compose: come to terms of peace. II. ii. p. 51.

Composure: composition. I. iv. p. 39.
Conclusion: "still ——," silent judgment. IV. xiii. p. 161.
Conclusions: experiments. V. ii. p. 188.
Confound: waste. I. i. p. 22; destroy. III. ii. p. 98.
Continent: "thy ——," that which contains thee. IV. xii. p. 154.
Conversation: conduct, behaviour. II. vii. p. 79.
Corrigible: bent in submission. IV. xii. p. 155.
Could: would fain. II. i. p. 29.
Course: chase. III. xi. p. 119.
Crescent: in the ascendant. II. i. p. 47.
Crownet: crown, the summit of my desires. IV. x. p. 150.
Crownets: coronets. V. ii. p. 174.
Curious: scrupulous in enquiry. III. ii. p. 92.
Curstness: ill-temper. II. ii. p. 51.
Damn: condemn. I. i. p. 21.
Dare: challenge. I. ii. p. 32.
Darkens: obscures. III. i. p. 89.
Darkling: in darkness. IV. xiii. p. 160.
Dealt on lieutenantry: acted through substitutes. III. ix. p. 115.
Deared: valued, beloved. I. iv. p. 40.
Declined: the disgraced, the ruined. III. xi. p. 120.
Demon: guiding spirit. II. iii. p. 63.
Demurely: solemnly. IV. ix. p. 147.
Demuring: simpering. IV. xiii. p. 161.
Denounced against: prohibited. III. vii. p. 105.
Deputation: "in ——," by proxy. III. xi. p. 123.
Derogately: disparagingly. II. ii. p. 52.
Determines: melts, dissolves. III. xi. p. 127.
Diminutives: the unconsidered, characterless crowd. IV. x. p. 150.
Disaster: disfigure. II. vii. p. 81.
Discandy: melt, dissolve. III. xi. p. 127; IV. x. p. 149.
Discontents: malcontents. I. iv. p. 40.
Dislimns: transforms, destroys. IV. xii. p. 152.
Disponge: squeeze as a sponge. IV. ix. p. 146.
Disposed: come to terms. IV. xi. p. 158.
Distractions: detachments. III. vii. p. 109.
Divine: prophesy, foretell. II. vi. p. 79.
Doits: coinage of the lowest value. IV. x. p. 150.
Doughty-handed: valorous. IV. viii. p. 143.
Dread: fear. IV. xii. p. 158.
Dumbed: silenced. I. v. p. 45.
Ear: plough, till. I. ii. p. 28; I. iv. p. 41.
Ebbed: debased. I. iv. p. 40.
Edges: swords. II. vi. p. 75.
Egypt: Queen of Egypt. I. iii. p. 35, &c.
Elder: better, superior. III. viii. p. 112.
Embossed: covered with foam. IV. xi. p. 151.
Enforce: press, urge. II. ii. p. 55.
Enfranchéd: enfranchised, liberated. III. xi. p. 127.
Enow: enough. I. iv. p. 39.
Ensued: followed. IV. xii. p. 155.
Entertainment: experience. III. xi. p. 126; service. IV. vi. p. 141.
Enter me with: ensure my employment by. IV. xii. p. 158.
Envy: malice. V. ii. p. 178.
Estridge: ostrich. III. xi. p. 129.
Exigent: exigency, fatal moment. IV. xii. p. 155.

Expedience: expedition. I. ii. p. 31.
Extended: seized. I. ii. p. 28.
Faction: dissension. I. iii. p. 35.
Fairy: enchantress. IV. viii. p. 144.
Fall: rest upon. III. vii. p. 107; shed. III. ix. p. 116.
Fallible: the clown's blunder for 'infallible.' V. ii. p. 183.
Fame: news. II. ii. p. 58.
Favour: countenance. II. v. p. 67.
Fear: alarm. II. vi. p. 74.
Fearful: overcome by fear. III. ix. p. 115.
Feeders: menials. III. xi. p. 125.
Fetch in: capture. IV. i. p. 130.
Files: lines of soldiers. I. i. p. 19.
Firm: constant. I. v. p. 45.
Flaw: "becomes his ——"; signifies both "accommodates himself to his 'breach of fortune,' and to his (former) 'storm' or 'wind' of fortune." III. x. p. 118.
Fleet: float. III. xi. p. 128.
Fleeting: passing away. I. iii. p. 38; inconstant. V. ii. p. 182.
Flush: full of energy. I. iv. p. 41.
Foison: abundance. II. vii. p. 81.
Followed: driven. V. i. p. 167.
Forbear: retire. V. ii. p. 178.
Formal: ordinary. II. v. p. 68.
Forspoke: spoken against. III. vii. p. 105.
Friend: used disdainfully for 'paramour.' III. x. p. 118.
Front: face, meet. I. iv. p. 42.
Fronted: affronted, opposed. II. ii. p. 53.
Fullest: most complete. III. xi. p. 123.
Garboils: commotions, disturbances. Ital. *garbuglio.* I. iii. p. 36.
Gaudy: festive. Lat. *gaudium* = 'rejoicing.' III. xi. p. 128.
Gests: deeds, achievements. Lat. *gesta.* IV. viii. p. 143.
Give: represent. I. iv. p. 40.
Got upon: forestalled. IV. xii. p. 157.
Grace: "Give me ——," grant me the favour. III. xi. p. 123.
Graceful: approving. II. ii. p. 53.
Grants: affords. III. i. p. 89.
Grates: vexes, jars. I. i. p. 20. *See* Notes.
Grave charm: deadly enchantress. IV. x. p. 149.
Griefs: grievances. II. ii. p. 55.
H: a play upon the letter, and the word *ache*, which were formerly pronounced alike (aitch). IV. vii. p. 142.
Hardly: with difficulty. V. i. p. 168.
Harried: harassed, assaulted. III. iii. p. 96.
Heaviness: meaning both 'weight' and 'sorrow.' IV. xiii. p. 161.
Heavy: woeful. IV. xiii. p. 162.
Held my cap off: been deferential. II. vii. p. 83.
Hie: hasten. II. iii. p. 63.
Holding: burden of the song. II. vii. p. 86.
Homager: servant. I. i. p. 21.
Home: straight, 'without mincing matters.' I. ii. p. 28.
Idleness: triviality, paltriness. I. iii. p. 37.
Immoment: unimportant, trifling. V. ii. p. 178.
Immortal: blunder for *mortal*, deadly. V. ii. p. 182.
Imperious: imperial. IV. xiii. p. 161.
Import: bring with them. II. ii. p. 56.
Impress: pressing into the service. III. vii. p. 107.
Inclips: encloses. II. vii. p. 83.
Ingrossed: mustered. III. vii. p. 107.
Inhooped: confined in hoops. II. iii. p. 64.
Intrinsicate: intricate. V. ii. p. 185.

Is: *i.e.* in power. I. iv. p. 40.
Jaded: treated contemptuously. III. i. p. 89.
Jointing: combining. I. ii. p. 27.
Jump: venture. III. viii. p. 110.
Lack blood: turn pale. I. iv. p. 41.
Lackeying: fawning upon, grovelling before. I. iv. p. 40.
Languish: chronic disease. V. ii. p. 171.
Lanked: became thin. I. iv. p. 41.
Lated: belated, benighted. III. ix. p. 113.
Legions: detachments of infantry, each composed of six thousand men. III. viii. p. 113.
Length: lingering. IV. xii. p. 154.
Lethe'd: oblivious. (*See* Note 'Lethe.' II. vii. p. 85.) II. i. p. 46.
Levelled at: divined, suspected. V. ii. p. 187.
List: Listen to. IV. ix. p. 146.
Livia: the wife of Octavius Cæsar. V. ii. p. 178.
Loofed: luffed, brought close to the wind. III. viii. p. 112.
Lottery: prize. II. ii. p. 62.
Love: "love of ——," love of Venus, goddess of love. I. i. p. 22.
Mallard: drake of the wild duck, alluding to this bird's extreme timidity. III. viii. p. 112.
Mechanic: vulgar. IV. iv. p. 138.
Meetly: fairly good. I. iii. p. 37.
Meréd: "—— question," sole cause of the war. III. xi. p. 119.
Merely: absolutely. III. vii. p. 106 and p. 108.
Merits: deserts. V. ii. p. 178.
Mettle: virtue. I. ii. p. 30.
Mingle: embodiment, combination. I. v. p. 46.
Missive: messenger. II. ii. p. 54.
Modern: ordinary. V. ii. p. 178
Moe: more. IV. xii. p. 153.
Moment: "upon far poorer ——," for much less cause. I. ii. p. 30.
Moody: pensive. II. v. p. 65.
Mortal: deadly. V. ii. p. 185.
Motion: intuition, divination. II. iii. p. 63.
Mount: *i.e.* Mount Misenum. II. iv. p. 65.
Muleters: muleteers, muledrivers. III. vii. p. 107.
Muss: a scramble. III. xi. p. 124.
Names: "have no ——," be illegitimate. I. ii. p. 24.
Naught: worthless. IV. xiii. p. 164.
Nice: soft, luxurious. III. xi. p. 128.
Nicked: befooled. *Nick*, a mark set upon Fools. III. xi. p. 119.
Number: write verses. III. ii. p. 91.
O: orb. V. ii. p. 173.
Oblivion: forgetfulness. I. iii. p. 37.
Occasion: convenience. II. vi. p. 79.
Office: interest, dedicated service. I. i. p. 20.
Olive: symbol of peace. IV. vi. p. 140.
Oppression: "our ——," "the force which overpowers us." IV. vii. p. 142.
Ordinary: meal. II. ii. p. 61.
Owe: own. IV. viii. p. 145.
Pace: break in. II. ii. p. 53.
Packed: IV. xii. p. 153. (*See* Notes.)
Pales: impales. II. vii. p. 83.
Palled: impaired. II. vii. p. 84.
Palter: quibble. III. ix. p. 116.
Pants: throbs. IV. viii. p. 144.
Paragon: compare. I. v. p. 46.
Parcel: particularize. V. ii. p. 177.
Particular: private concerns. I. iii. p. 35; personal relation. IV. ix. p. 146.
Partisan: a kind of halberd. II. vii. p. 80.
Parts: sides. III. iv. p. 85.

Patch: pick, foment. II. ii. p. 53.
Penetrative: penetrating. IV. xii. p. 155.
Perforce: of necessity. III. iv. p. 97.
Period: last, end. IV. ii. p. 132.
Piece: master-piece. III. ii. p. 91; V. ii. p. 174.
Pink: reddened and half-closed in intoxication. II. vii. p. 86.
Placed: fixed. V. ii. p. 182.
Plated: clad in plate-armour. I. i. p. 20.
Plates: silver coins. V. ii. p. 174.
Pleached: folded. IV. xii. p. 155.
Points: tagged laces, used to support the hose; "*Ties his points*," *i.e.* performs a lackey's duties. III. xi. p. 127.
Pole: standard. IV. xiii. p. 163.
Port: gate. I. iii. p. 35; carriage, bearing. IV. xii. p. 154.
Power: army. IV. vii. p. 108.
Practise: to plot. II. ii. p. 52.
Precedent: former. IV. xii. p. 156.
Pregnant: evident. II. i. p. 49.
Prescript: instructions. III. viii. p. 110.
Present: 'matter under discussion.' II. vi. p. 74.
Presently: immediately. II. ii. p. 58.
Process: summons, citation. I. i. p. 20.
Project: set forth. V. ii. p. 175.
Proof of harness: fully tested armour. IV. viii. p. 144.
Proper: comely. III. iii. p. 96.
Propertied: potent, gifted. V. ii. p. 173.
Prorogue: fritter away. II. i. p. 42.
Prosecution: sequence. IV. xii. p. 155.
Purchased: acquired, cultivated. I. iv. p. 39.
Purge: be restored. I. iii. p. 35.
Quality: character. I. ii. p. 32.
Queasy: sickened, revolted. III. vi. p. 101.
Quick: lively, inventive. V. ii. p. 180.
Quicken: revive. IV. xiii. p. 162.
Quit: requite. III. xi. p. 127.
Race of heaven: of heavenly origin. I. iii. p. 35.
Rack: cloud. IV. xii. p. 152.
Ranged: well-ordered. I. i. p. 21.
Ranges: ranks. III. xi. p. 119.
Rates: equals in value. III. ix. p. 116.
Raught: reached, seized. IV. ix. p. 147.
Regiment: rule, government. III. vi. p. 105.
Religion: sacred bond. V. ii. p. 180.
Reneges: renounces, denies. I. i. p. 20.
Reports: reporters. II. ii. p. 52.
Requires: requests, begs. III. x. p. 117.
Revolted: who have revolted. IV. ix. p. 146.
Revolution: change of events. I. ii. p. 29.
Ribaudred: lewd. III. viii. p. 111.
Riggish: wanton. II. ii. p. 62.
Right: very. IV. x. p. 150.
Rivality: equal rank. III. v. p. 99.
Rive: rend, sever. IV. xi. p. 151.
Safed: safely conveyed. IV. vi. p. 141.
Salt: wanton, lustful. II. i. p. 48.
Scald: scurvy. V. ii. p. 180.
Scantly: grudgingly. III. iv. p. 97.
Scotches: cuts, slashes. IV. vii. p. 142.
Scrupulous: *i.e.* of each other's conduct. I. iii. p. 35.
Seal: despatch. IV. xii. p. 154.
Seel: blind. III. xi. p. 125.
Self: same. V. i. p. 166.
Semblable: like, similar. III. iv. p. 97.

Sennet: a particular set of tones on a trumpet or cornet. (From old Fr. *signet* and Lat. *signum*; a sign used in the stage directions as a signal of arrival and departure.) II. vii. p. 81.

Several: separate. I. v. p. 46.

Shards: scaly wings. III. ii. p. 91.

Shown: exhibited. IV. x. p. 150.

Shown all: conducted yourselves all as. IV. viii. p. 144.

Shrewd: hard, disastrous. IV. ix. p. 146.

Shroud: protection. III. xi. p. 123.

Sirs: formerly used for both men and women, here refers to the female attendants. IV. xiii. p. 164.

So: in like manner. I. iii. p. 36.

Soils: stains, blemishes. I. iv. p. 39.

Soothsay: foretell, predict. I. ii. p. 25.

Sottish: stupid. IV. xiii. p. 164.

Space: time enough. II. i. p. 48.

Speeds: wins, 'has the luck.' II. iii. p. 64.

Spot: disgrace. IV. x. p. 150.

Spots: stars. I. iv. p. 39.

Square: quarrel. II. i. p. 49; III. xi. p. 121; "kept my ——"; maintained my honour. II. iii. p. 62.

Squares: squadrons. III. ix. p. 115.

Stablishment: hereditary dominion. III. vi. p. 101.

Staged to the show: exhibited, like gladiators, to the public gaze. III. xi. p. 120.

Stall: dwell. V. i. p. 167.

Station: deportment, attitude when standing. III. iii. p. 95.

Stays upon: awaits. I. ii. p. 28.

Still: frequently. III. ii. p. 93.

Stirred: inspired. I. i. p. 22.

Stomach: inclination. II. ii. p. 53; resent. III. iv. p. 97.

Stomaching: resentment. II. ii. p. 50.

'Stroy'd: destroyed. III. ix. p. 115.

Subdue: destroy. IV. x. p. 151.

Success: result. III. v. p. 99.

Such: "no —— thing"; not of much account. III. iii. p. 96.

Sworder: gladiator. III. xi. p. 120.

Synod: Council. III. viii. p. 111.

Tabourines: small drums. IV. viii. p. 145.

Take in: subdue, conquer. I. i. p. 21; III. vii. p. 106.

Tall: valiant. II. vi. p. 73.

Targes: targets, shields. II. vi. p. 75.

Teeth: "from his ——"; superficially, not heartily. III. iv. p. 97.

Temper: moderation. I. i. p. 20.

Temperance: moderation. V. ii. p. 171.

Terrene: terrestrial. III. xi. p. 127.

Thereabouts: "are you ——"; "is that your opinion." III. viii. p. 112.

Thick: "so ——"; in such rapid succession. I. v. p. 46.

Thickens: becomes obscured. II. iii. p. 64.

Think: despair. III. xi. p. 119.

Thought: grief. IV. vi. p. 141.

Throes: brings painfully forth. III. vii. p. 110.

Throw: confer, bequeath. I. ii. p. 32.

Tight: dexterous, adroit. IV. iv. p. 137.

Timelier: earlier. II. vi. p. 75.

Tires: head-gear. II. v. p. 67.

Tissue: texture. II. ii. p. 60.

Tokened: spotted. III. viii. p. 111. (*See* Notes.)

Touches: emotions. I. ii. p. 31.

Toward: in preparation. II. vi. p. 77.

Toys: trifles. V. ii. p. 178.

Triple: one of three. I. i. p. 20.

Triple-turned: thrice faithless. IV. x. p. 149.
Trull: strumpet. III. vi. p. 105.
Turpitude: infamy. IV. vi. p. 141.
Unequal: unfair. II. v. p. 71.
Unfolded: exposed. V. ii. p. 178.
Unnoble: ignoble. III. ix. p. 115.
Unpolicied: unpolitic, wanting in judgment. V. ii. p. 185.
Unqualitied: deprived of his usual characteristics. III. ix. p. 115.
Unseminar'd: lacking seed. I. v. p. 43.
Unstate: resign the pomp and dignity. III. xi. p. 120.
Up: done for. III. v. p. 99.
Use: "in ——"; in trust, in pledge. I. iii. p. 35.
Use to say: commonly say. II. v. p. 67.
Vacancy: leisure. I. iv. p. 39; creating a vacuum. II. ii. p. 40.
Vantage: advantage. III. viii. p. 111.
Varletry: mob. V. ii. p. 172.
Vie: contrast in rivalry. V. ii. p. 174.
Virtue: valour. IV. viii. p. 144.
Walled: bewailed. III. ii. p. 93.
Waned: withered, faded. II. i. p. 48.
Wassails: carousals. I. iv. p. 41.
Weet: to witness. I. i. p. 21.
Well said: well done. IV. iv. p. 137.
Wharfs: banks. II. ii. p. 60.
What: why. V. ii. p. 185.
Windowed: placed in a window. IV. xii. p. 155.
Woo't: wouldst thou. IV. ii. p. 131.
Words: humours, coaxes with words. V. ii. p. 179.
Worm: serpent. V. ii. p. 182.
Yare: well prepared. III. vii. p. 107; adroit, dexterous. III. xi. p. 126; nimbly. V. ii. p. 184.
Yarely frame: dexterously perform. II. ii. p. 60.
Yield: report. II. v. p. 67; recompense. IV. ii. p. 133.

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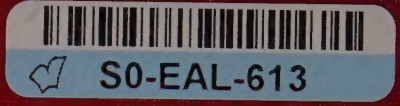
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